



A NEW SONG ON THE SETTLEMENT OF THE WAR

Mars the God of battle has now seized their cannon- to
 102
 The dead & the wounded in thousands lay at each p in
 the gore
 To pious King Billy cur sed Bazine did yield
 But the French are not bent on they'll shortly again take
 the field

The first of September we long shall remember the day
 When cursed Napoleon his country's men did betray
 At 8 o'clock in the morning McMahon to his arms did cry
 'Cursed Judas has sold us but yet we will conquer or die'

McMahon was wounded & taken with his gallant band
 He fought like a lion until he no longer could stand
 Where leaden balls rattled he never was known for to
 yield
 He was first in the battle & always the last in the field

The home of the brave the glorious are faded & gone
 You fought the proud foe tho' their numbers were twenty
 to one
 The dowers of your army were bannish'd into Germany
 For blood & rinkel'd gold they were sold by Bazine trea-
 chery

On the blood crimson'd plains the Irish brigade nobly
 stood
 They fought at Orleans till the streams it ran red with
 their blood
 Far away from their homes in the arms of death they
 repose
 They died for poor France & fell by the hand of their
 foes

Long live gallant France may she prosper and flourish
 once more
 Here's a health to McMahon a descendant of Erin's green
 shore
 My curse on Napoleon & Bazin these two cursed knaves
 While France has a soldier the Frenchmen shall ne'er be
 slaves